

The Sun

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20, 1907.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.
DAILY, Per Month, \$3.00
DAILY, Per Year, \$36.00
SUNDAY, Per Year, \$6.00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year, \$42.00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month, \$3.50
Postage to foreign countries added.

Published by The Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

Warnings to Mr. Bryan.

We note two significant references to the now avowed candidacy of Mr. BRYAN for President, one by a Southern Democrat, JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, and the other by a Northern Democrat associated with the conservatives of his party, THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE, the leading spirit of the Albany conference that repudiated WILLIAM R. HEARST. Both of these active Democrats seek to take the nomination of Mr. BRYAN for granted, and they share a fear that he may involve the Democratic party in a radical programme to extreme that he will be defeated a third time.

Mr. WILLIAMS is concerned about Mr. BRYAN's zeal for Government ownership of the railroads, which as an issue he would regard as a fatal blunder. Mr. WILLIAMS himself is for regulation, but he sets his face rigidly against Government ownership. Indeed, he has given the people of Mississippi to understand that if he is sent to the Senate they must not expect him to go beyond regulation. His influence in the national convention will evidently be employed to keep Government ownership out of the platform, for he says:

"I hope to see Mr. BRYAN nominated, and I want, moreover, to make it possible for him to be elected."

Mr. OSBORNE evidently has Government ownership in mind when he says that he "does not believe Mr. BRYAN will make such great mistakes" as to prevent his hearty support of Mr. BRYAN in 1908. And, by the way, Mr. OSBORNE thinks we are on the verge of a great radical movement.

Thus again we see a sentiment crystallizing to keep Mr. BRYAN sane, or as sane as possible.

What Is In Prospect?

Is it not plain that JOHN RAINES and THOMAS F. GRADY plan some unprecedented gift to the State Treasury? Were this not the case, these modest souls would scarcely have thought it necessary to arrange for the immediate exclusion from the Senate chamber of the communicative newspaper correspondents. The good that RAINES and GRADY have done in the past must be kindergarten exercise in comparison with the works that they contemplate for the future.

Warning of Mr. RAINES's intention was given first in his selections for membership in the Senate committees. These showed plainly that he intended to have a discreetly inclined organization, an organization capable of reticence. The State understood what was meant. It did not believe, however, that the purposes of RAINES were so benevolent as to render necessary for their accomplishment an attempt to sequester the newspaper reporters. It remained for RAINES to give full notice of his proposed policy of beneficence.

Thanks to RAINES and GRADY, the State is forewarned. The doors of good in secret in the Senate will be scrutinized in their activities this year as never before.

The Coming Election In Russia.

According to a telegram from St. Petersburg dated January 18 the primary elections have already begun in the Transcaucasian territory, although in European Russia they will not be held for a few weeks. The outcome of the voting was, we are told, an overwhelming victory for the radicals, who obtained more than 80 per cent. of the secondary elections. Last undue significance be attached to the incident we should point out that in the Transcaucasian region the franchise is exercised only by residents of Russian birth, most of whom are railway employees or skilled workmen, who, like the rest of the proletariat throughout the empire, are inclined to join the socialist and revolutionary parties. No inference, therefore, concerning the composition of the next Duma can be drawn from the preliminary voting in the Transcaucasian district. For light on that subject we must look at conditions in European Russia.

Two facts are undisputed: First, in the recent elections, which favored the liberals a year ago, the conservatives have recently been successful. That is to say, the landowning class and those voters whom it can influence can be relied upon to return delegates to the Duma who will sit on the right and support the Stolypin Government. On the other hand the operatives in factories, railway and telegraph employees, skilled craftsmen and small shopkeepers in the cities and large towns, who constitute the bulk of the urban population, will continue to select representatives who will take seats on the left of the chamber, and avow themselves Social-Democrats or advocates of a revolutionary programme. These are facts, but they do not go far; for under the electoral law an immense majority of the primary voters are peasants, and it is as yet uncertain what the peasants will do.

There is no doubt that Premier STOLYPIN has done much to conciliate them. He has arranged for the allotment among them of a vast area hitherto belonging to the Crown, or to appanage estates, or to private owners, which land, moreover, is obtainable on very easy terms. The applicant need pay no cash down, but merely agrees to return the purchase money which is lent to him in annual instalments, stretching over a long

period. Moreover since the Russian New Year (January 14), when the forty-fifth year since the nominal abolition of serfdom came to an end, the peasant's social status has been radically transformed. The communal land, which hitherto the members of a given commune have owned jointly, will henceforth be divided on the principle of individual ownership. The drastic change not only redeems the peasant from responsibility for the payment of any taxes except those levied upon him personally, but also leaves him at liberty to sell his holdings and go whither he will. In a word he that yesterday was a serf of his commune has to-day become a freeman.

These are tremendous services which the present Premier has rendered to the Russian peasantry, and whether or no he can depend upon their gratitude he at least deserves it. Two things, however, darken his prospect of securing steadfast support from the peasant delegates. One is that the agents of the Constitutional-Democrats and other still more radical parties are trying to make them undervalue the agrarian concession made by the Czar on the advice of Mr. STOLYPIN by telling them that they ought to have received the new allotments of land gratuitously instead of being called upon to pay for them by instalments. In the second place, it was observed last year that even though peasant delegates might be of a conservative temper when they reached the capital they were soon worked upon and carried away by political harangues, so that in the end they contributed largely to give the Constitutional-Democrats control of the Duma. Will this happen again? Nobody can say.

All we know is that the Stolypin Cabinet has made a gallant effort to gain the confidence of the Russian people. It has kept its promises by granting reforms of measureless import on the one hand while putting down a widespread insurrection on the other. If it fails to obtain the cooperation of the Duma it will have to renounce the difficult task which it has essayed. The day of compromise and conciliation will be over and the reactionists will have to cope as best they may with revolution.

French Duels.

When a French duel ends seriously, as one did the other day in Paris, foreigners, especially Anglo-Saxons, feel a good deal surprised. We have got into a way of thinking that these mortal combats are only solemn farces, because they so often end in nothing but scratches. They have indeed become a standing source of supply for our comic papers and vaudeville stage.

Leaving aside the morality of duelling, how far is this ridicule justified? To a Frenchman it might perhaps appear on reflection to be a fair revenge for the miss peaches and Yankee quadrillions who represent this country to the Parisian imagination, but he would certainly deny that it came the least little bit nearer to the truth. All is fair, of course, in these interchanges of courtesies between one people and another; but as a mere matter of curiosity, how comes it that in this instance there is such a wide difference between our view and that of the native? Well, it seems to arise partly from some misapprehension of the purpose of the duel and partly from a defective knowledge of its results.

When two men sally forth to fight with mortal weapons we rather naturally suppose that their main purpose is to kill or inflict grievous bodily injury on each other. Frenchmen are seldom reported as achieving this purpose, and so we laugh at them. We contrast their ceremonious encounters with the less pretentious fashion in which our Westerners sometimes go gunning for their neighbors—with graver consequences, as a rule.

As a matter of fact, however, the first object of a French duelist is not to kill or even wound his opponent. The spirit of these affairs is not primarily punitive. It is more like that of a "trial by ordeal." Everything revolves about the sentiment of "honor." Honor, which might be defined as a romantic and sensitive compound of reputation and self-respect, receives an injury through something that is said or done, and the injured compound demands satisfaction. To shoot the offender "on sight" would evidently not give any satisfaction to one's self-respect or reputation. Such a proceeding would, if anything, only make it feel worse than before. No, to satisfy his honor the Frenchman must stake something very valuable upon it. The feeling involved is much the same as any of us may experience when our judgment, say, is doubted on some vague point, offering no chance of definite answer. "I'll bet you what you like!" we exclaim. The Frenchman translates this feeling into action. In defense of his honor he wagers the best he has—his life. That is his main motive in challenging. In the second place there is, no doubt, some revengeful feeling, but even this might properly be resolved into the formula: "I am willing to risk my life for my honor, and your life too!"

Well, it may be asked, even though this be the purpose of the institution, how can it be said to fulfill it, since there is really so little risk for either party?

Facts are stubborn things. We certainly seem to hear of a great many French combats in which nothing to speak of happens. Yet, after all, the idea that they are devoid of danger may be less adequate than it appears at first sight. Serious or fatal results are as far as possible hushed up. Owing to the precautions taken beforehand it often is possible to keep such cases out of the newspapers. Any frequenter of a considerable *cercle d'escrime* in Paris, where such news arrives in whispers, will be well aware of the frequency of such suppressions.

Secondly, we are apt to confound purely sporting encounters with serious duels. Fencing is the national sport of the country. Where many youths are highly skilled in the art it is natural that some of them should wish now and then to add zest to their exercise by leaving the buttons off their weapons. It is part of the fun to conduct these

meetings according to all the rules. Something resembling a provocation precedes them. A duelist is present, for accidents may happen. They are more dangerous than football, but the spirit is not very different from that of a Harvard-Yale match. Though there may be a mock serious pretence of seriousness about them, any one in that world has no difficulty in distinguishing them from the real article. Moreover, the seconds take care to reduce the danger by such devices as supplying flexible blades, not likely to penetrate too deeply, and in the rare instances where pistols are used a weak charge of powder.

It may be urged that in unquestionably serious encounters similar devices are sometimes resorted to. Of course the mere fact that duels are fought under rules at all implies some modification of the danger. Further, *primo sangue*, as the Italians say, is occasionally stipulated for, as it was, for instance, in the famous meeting between the Duke of ORLEANS and the Count of TURIN. In that case the rank of the combatants had to be considered, but the stipulation is far from being common in cases of grave offence. And even *primo sangue*—the agreement that the first blooded shall stop the fight—is no insurance against fatality when you are confronted by cold steel. It leaves an opening, narrower perhaps than a church door, but which may serve. The difference between an abrasion and a mortal thrust is not necessarily controlled by the swordsmen's intention. And though it may possibly happen that the blades are bendy or the charge light, such precautions are never taken with the knowledge of the principals. If you jump into a swift river to rescue a child and find the water shallow that does not alter the fact that so far as you knew you were risking your life. Moreover, though bendy blades and light charges will modify the risk, they do not remove it. The bendiest blade will do its work if it strikes the right spot, or at the right angle, or is stiffened by a sustained parry; and a defective charge may correct a poor aim as well as miscarry a good one.

After all, the most that detractors can urge is this: that the risk is sometimes mitigated on a sort of sliding scale to fit the magnitude of the injury to honor. Whenever the injury is not ludicrous, however, the risk of death is not one that any man can afford to laugh at.

The Artillery Bill in the House.

The Senate having passed the Artillery bill and a favorable report upon it having been made by the House Committee on Military Affairs without a dissenting vote, the way to enactment is apparently clear of all obstacles. Nevertheless bills of importance and as close to consummation as the Artillery bill have been left high and dry in the last rush for appropriations at the short session, when compromise and elimination are always in order.

Not much more than thirty working days of the session remain and the rush with its fever and fret has already begun. Few members of the House have read the Artillery bill (H. R. 17347), and to the great majority it means only an increase of the army, which does not interest the average Representative who wants an appropriation for a public building. No Representative, we think, no matter how much he is absorbed in local improvements, can read the report of the committee hearing on January 11, when Captain JOHNSON HAGOOD explained the Artillery bill, without agreeing that the modest increase of the artillery branch proposed for the care and handling of the gun and torpedo plants of the coast defences is a matter of the most urgent and vital importance and that the alternative would be the depreciation of those defences and the impairment of an overworked and underpaid service.

The Artillery bill ought to be put on passage in the House at the first opportunity and at once sent to the President.

The Young Roscius of Texarkana.

The Congressional Record of January 18 should be sent to all American boys of school age. It will become the "School Speaker" of the future, and millions yet unborn will declaim the noble and passionate utterances of the Hon. MORRIS SHEPPARD, the young Roscius of Texarkana. There has not been so much detonation since the Russo-Japanese War. In Mr. SHEPPARD's own language, this speech was "a cry that must have startled the outposts on the battlements of heaven." What is more and most, it smote Dr. JOHN WESLEY GAINES into silence.

Mr. SHEPPARD blasted the satraps, "the patricians, the Tories, the aristocrats." He opened all his stops and poured forth all his choral consonance for the immortal Democracy.

No other political organization ever survived such a revolution of human thought and action as those through which it has passed intact, unscathed and undiminished. Frequently minorities, fascinated by the lights that glimmer about the rot of empire and greed, by the glamour of concentrated wealth, the paeany of power, have rejected its pure and salutary teaching. Frequently it has come unto its own and its own received it not. Frequently its enemies have pronounced it dead, but always they have seen it rise with added stature and redoubled strength to press anew the conflict for the people's rights. [Applause.] The Democracy is imperishable because it rests on an imperishable doctrine—the doctrine of equal rights. When first the human heart was stirred with pity for the wrongs of man Democracy began. The first tear that quivered in compassion for human woe and want was the first Democratic platform. The most tragic struggle of all the ages of God has been the struggle between those who loved the people and wished to see them prosperous and free and those who distrusted, exploited and oppressed them.

The amount of water in Democratic platforms is thus explained for the first time.

Mr. SHEPPARD amplified a favorite passage of the god of his idolatry, Mr. BRYAN, who was always calling on MOSES to "wake" and to weep with him over the woes of ABRAHAM!

—Rise, WENDELL PHILLIPS, from the dead, and behold this spectacle, who you renounced allegiance to your country because it was not wholly free and with an eloquence not of earth assailed the established customs of a century and scourge with cold wrath this Republic's degradation of all for which you fought and bled. Rise, GARIBOLDI, you whom history terms "the liberator," whose fearless

gospel incited war that chains might fall and break, and observe the degradation of the party which was first elevated to power on the side your energies had set in motion. Rise, LINCOLN, who you would not govern a people in the world against that people's will and with sorrow beyond all words bear witness to the repudiation of your life's supreme teaching, the sentiment of your inspired deliverance at Gettysburg, by the recantation of some of your heroic allies.

Could there be a more senseless and fit piece to speak than that?

Finally young Roscius, climbing from peak to peak, stood sublime in the very heaven of ecstasy of peroration:

"With an enthusiasm that cannot die let us gather beneath the stainless standard of the stainless leader who in recent private journey around the globe was honored by the nations as perhaps no other private citizen of any country was ever honored before, whose every heartbeat is a throbbing of brotherhood, whose soul is illumined with the love of man, whose arm is tireless in the people's cause. The most powerful lesson of history is the triumph of truth, the force invisible yet omnipotent, its sceptre swaying all the visible years. In its courts the centuries assemble to cry earth's multitudes to judgment. The prostrate rise; the exalted fall. The mask of sanctity drops from the brow of gain. From sword and crown there leaps the accusing blood of peoples conquered and despoiled. Chains fashioned in the forces of the world's injustice break and hands unshackled are to God uplifted. Men and nations, stripped of arrogance and rank and all the ornaments of earth, await the verdict of eternity. The deeds and motives of all days and ages are measured by the test, severe yet beautiful, of fidelity to truth. And no man, in all the years that have been and that are to be, will stand before that solemn assize with more assurance of its approval than the defender of humanity, the crusader of equality, the friend and champion of the overburdened millions, the exemplar of justice and love in his conduct of life, WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN." [Loud and prolonged applause on the Democratic side.]

The pink aurora borealis of Colonel JIM HAM LEWIS fades into common white. Paralysis grips the tuneful tonsils of Colonel JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, the Cracker song thrush. DITTYRAMBS DICK lies mute among the bare ruined choirs of Plunder Park. The Hon. MORRIS SHEPPARD is the sole ruler of the cave of the winds and the ocean of sound.

The Motor Car Inanimate.

If the throngs at the automobile shows here and in other cities signify anything, the pleasure in the cars inanimate as spectacles is to many people as attractive as to whirl along in one. Thousands attend such exhibitions who have no idea of becoming purchasers; their presence must be to feast the eye. The glitter of the new machines, the music and the crowds are incentives to the casual amusement seeker, and there are many reasons why the lover of the artistic in craftsmanship should feel himself amply rewarded for his expenditure at the gate.

In the perfection of the mechanical parts there is beauty as well as utility. The polished bonnets and glistening bodies form a rainbow contrast in colors. In the past the laurels for the most perfect work in American carriage building were held by the vehicles for park driving, the coach, brougham, victoria and the series of phaetons, which in their excellence combined the stability of the English designers with the fine lines of the Frenchmen. The competition among the same workmen now is to excel the foreigners in the carriage parts of the motors. The results, in patterns, strength, lightness and upholstery, are worth studying as artistic conceptions quite apart from the progress they reveal in the mastery of essential details of manufacture.

But it is as a mart or fair, without doubt, that every show scores its most signal success. At the opening of the fair in any great city the owners of cars flock in to see what is desirable in the latest models. The study of the new cars may convince them that their old machine is still in the first flight, but the inspection is very likely to arouse a yearning for a change, or for the addition of a second car to the home equipment. For one standpatter there are ten who buy, or order extensive alterations. Along with the car owners come the hundreds who are about to set up a car and who have waited for the show in order to choose from the many types and fashions exhibited.

The business end of an automobile show appeals most to the manufacturers who promote the affair, yet that these exhibitions are attractive merely as spectacles is proved by the rush at the ticket office. The motor car shows, whether in New York or at any other point of the wonderfully extensive circuit, are clean and wholesome; they help trade and afford instructive entertainment.

If JOHN MILNE, the seismologist, "admitted" that London's 200 years of immunity was about up and an earthquake might be expected soon he must have been hard pressed by the interviewers. MILNE probably has no desire to compete with CLEMENT, the eminent meteorologist, as a prognosticator of quakes to order.

It would be impossible to have a controversy with General BARNARD about police affairs in New York—*Ex-Commissioner* McADOO.

True! The talking would all have to be done by Mr. McADOO.

The great conservative legislative body in this country—and I measure my words and say them by sorrow—is not at the other end of the Capitol.

How does this eminent political philosopher explain the tendency of the "popular branch" to "put it up to" the Senate when in doubt or when not willing to face the music?

It was stated yesterday that the Legislative Correspondents' Association at Albany will not in any way change its attitude individually or collectively toward Republican and Democratic Senators who forced through the resolution giving the Clerk of the Senate power to withhold from members of the association the privileges of the Senate. It was explained that no member of the Legislative Correspondents' Association could very well be otherwise than reticent in this respect, for the simple reason that the people of the State of New York might not be prepared to credit the facts these correspondents could tell on corroborative and substantiated evidence concerning a number of the Senators.

Immediate.
Stella-Rose Jack proposed to Mahab Mahab Mahab. Not yet, but she is planning where to put furniture she has got in a flat she has got.

DA COSTA'S CHILD PORTRAITS.

A distinguished English portrait painter is in New York this winter and has taken up his abode at the Sherwood Studio in West Fifty-seventh street. His name is John da Costa. He exhibits eight portraits at the galleries of Arthur Tooth and Sons, 299 Fifth avenue, seven of which are children, the remaining one that of a young girl quaintly dressed in a flowered silk gown with paniers—what would have been called Dolly Varden a couple of decades ago—the scheme of which is rose against gray. A tiny butterfly bow is in her hair. She smiles demurely. It is a vital picture, yet not by any means the best of the eight. Mr. da Costa is no stranger to New York. He has portrayed at various times the youthful daughters of Mrs. George Vanderbilt, Mrs. Leigh Egerton Withrop, Mrs. Berwick Harcourt, Mrs. Victor Seydian; and in London those of the late Lady Dilke, Countess Clesmia, Sir Claude Balfour and Sir James Leslie Mackay. Encouraged at the beginning of his career by Sir John Millais, Mr. da Costa comes to us again, bringing encomiums from Mr. John Sargent, encomiums, we hasten to add, more than warranted by the quality of his work.

It is, to speak to the point, remarkable for many things. Here is a painter who can be both decorative and psychological; who is aristocratic without suggesting insipidity; who loves color for color's lovely sake, yet never loses sight of his patterns, never alights the humanity of his subject. Add to these a poetic note in the physical side of his palette, a poetic note in the presentation of his theme. He has a fine sense of the most desperate of conventionalities, and his portraits, though done in this not by any fantastic scheme in hue or by falsifying the character of childhood, but by exercising the gentle tact of omission. He omits from his canvases any hint of the fashionable child, the chic child, the child that is spoiled—and should be spanked—or the conscious miss whose forebears have destroyed the bloom of her infantile innocence by selling her there she is the destined bride of a Duke. Mr. da Costa absolutely refuses to present any of these painful simulacra. His collection is from a most fascinating *cenece* of childhood. Each portrait differs from its fellow as differs in life each girl from the other.

On the technical side this painter is an excellent draftsman; his line is firm and free from all pettiness; his poses are vigorous yet easy. His various color gamuts are of a delicate, sane beauty. He has an almost unflinching sense of values, yet his modulations are never nagging. At times, notably in one portrait, he employs the bold sabrelike brush strokes of his friend Mr. Sargent. His flesh tints are cool and human. His children are neither infant bacchantes nor yet of that was faced, cerebral breed so modish just now in Europe. Full of the joy of their life, they are not pessimists nor precocious mortals. It is a vision of radiant, unspoiled childhood that Mr. da Costa evokes.

To particularize, the first portrait is that of a girl all in black, with hair, brown hair, a full length. Her right hand—hastily summarized—touches a brown velvet chair, the outlines of which are dimly perceived. The background is brown. The problem is a familiar one. Whistler, before him Velasquez—Chase, Henri, to mention a few (please don't say, "Why drag in Chase?") It has been said before. But Mr. da Costa soon shows us that he is more concerned with the girl and her fresh little mind, that peers out of her sweet eyes, than with her textures. It is her gaze, not the fabric of her dress, that counts. Next to her is a girl sitting. The dress here does catch your eye; it is masterly, though the character of the child, with her hands folded, her easy bearing, the open air background, slashing breeches, do recall Sargent, a Sargent softened to a tenderer key. This picture is both vital and a decoration. Her neighbor will probably attract the womanly contingent. No wonder. It is a darling of a brief span of years, full length, is a girl that fairly catches the eye of a painter. Whites which show us the eye of a painter and the head of a thinker; her hair is wavy, golden, she has a rosy mouth, and the eyes are full of childish dewy innocence—here is, without the taint of studio prettiness, a replica of the eighteenth century manner of representing children; frank, artfully artless (for there is no such thing as artlessness in art, despite the belief of the sentimentalists), and altogether ravishing. She is poised against a subdued terra cotta background. A pink ribbon is in her hair and her hands are held coyly behind her back. An old bachelor must blush before such an apparition. It is an indictment of masculine selfishness.

An oval portrait drives from your mind Edgar Poe. This oval shows the fluid loveliness of a child's head in profile; a captivating head because of its expression. Some mediæval mystic, emerging from his shell, once said that when a child is serious then the shadow of God is passing across its soul. The idea is not without its moral. The centre portrait is an arrangement in black velvet, with a red sash at the waist, the hair long and curly. The girl's legs are slender, aristocratic; her feet touch the earth with a certain reserve. A dainty miss, a miss who wears a slow, subtle smile. A dangerous miss—some day. A note of drab, her underdrift, relieves the monotone of the blacks. White and pink are the adjacent tones in a picture wherein white of delicious values and a reddish brown background faintly jostle. A pink coral (?) necklace supplies relief. The slippers are also white—yet you feel the graded semitones. A girl in red with black stockings completes a girl in black with a pink head. She is finely poised. She has character. She looks you in the face.

The defect of this artist's qualities is a tendency to overemphasize the charm of childhood, to see too much *couleur de rose*. It is a pardonable fault. He hates the ugly. If he has ever painted an ugly child that child will, in later life, show her Job's comforters (girls, of course) her portrait by Da Costa, exclaiming: "And he, once looked." And he, once looked, (girls, of course) will exclaim: "Who could really believe that you ever looked like that!"

But Mr. da Costa has painted other themes, portraits of men and women, and things seen. In his children portraits he stands alone, a master, and we are tempted—such a facile temptation—to add, the John Sargent of childhood, though it is not quite fair to the individuality that prompts Mr. da Costa's brush to such broad, persuasive and harmonious work. This exhibit ends January 28.

Business Women of a Maine Town.

From the Lewiston Journal.
If Norway ever should have a Mayor the chances are 10 to 1 a woman would hold the office. This Oxford county village of 1,800 inhabitants has more than a score of women managing progressive lines of business. The town physician is a woman. A woman is Justice of the Peace. A woman manages a dry goods store. Another is photographer, and still a seventh is an insurance agent. Until her recent reelection the Rev. Caroline E. Angell was, for eighteen years, pastor of the Universalist Church at Norway. Mrs. F. W. Sanborn is responsible for the appearance of the Norway Advertiser, the local newspaper. This may be the only instance of the successful business women of Norway.

NEW FAITH LINKED WITH OLD.

To the Editor of THE SUN—Sir: A preacher cites a lecture of mine, delivered nearly half a century ago, a part of which has had the honor of being embalmed in the work of that most eminent theologian the late Dean Westcott on "The Historic Faith." I turned rather nervously to the lecture to see what it was that I had said. Not that I should have been much interested had I found that my opinions had even been completely changed. Since that lecture was delivered science and criticism have wrought a revolution in theological belief, likely, it seems to me, to be regarded hereafter as one of the most momentous revolutions in history. With the whole passage cited by Dean Westcott I will not burden your columns, but part of it is this:

The type of character set forth in the Gospel has been the subject of much speculation, both in the way of action and affection, crowned by the highest possible exhibition of it in an act of the most transcendent self-devotion to the interest of the world. It is not difficult to see how the Christian morality can ever be brought into antagonism with the moral progress of mankind; or how the Christian type of character ever is left behind by the course of human development, lose the allegiance of the moral world, or give place to a newly emerging and higher ideal. This type, it would appear, being said, I do not mean to say that the type of the future history, but as comprehending it. The moral efforts of all ages, to the consummation of the world, will be efforts to realize the character and to make it actually, as it is potentially, universal. While these efforts are being carried on under all the various circumstances of life and society, and under all the various conditions of the human mind, there will be a constant and an infinite variety of characters, personal and national, will be produced; a variety ranging from the highest human grandeur down to the lowest degradation of the brute. But these characters, with all their variations, will go beyond their sources and their ideal only as the rays of light go beyond the sun. Through this phase of the historical movement, may advance indefinitely in excellence; but its advance will be an indefinite approximation to the Christian type. The nearer the Christian type, the nearer the ideal, the nearer the perfection. In a moral point of view, in short, the world may advance indefinitely in excellence, but it will never reach the ideal, or even of revelation. If it is true, it is a matter of reason as much as anything in the world.

I went on to dwell on the freedom of the Christian type of character as embodied in the character of Christ, and on the quietness of nation, race, or sex which might have derogated from its perfection as a type of pure humanity. In those days I believed in revelation. But my argument was not from revelation, but from ethics and history. The undertaking of Christianity to convert mankind to a fraternal and purely beneficent type of character and enfold men in a universal brotherhood, has been and is being carried out. The effort has been in various ways, appears to have no parallel in ethical history. There is none in the Greek philosophers or the Roman Stoics, high as some of them may soar in their own way. Aristotle's ideal man is perfect in its statuesque fashion, but it is not fraternal or even distinctly philanthropic. Nor does the Christian character or effort to create it depart with belief in dogma. Do not think that I have totally renounced the dogma still cultivate a character in its gentleness and benevolence essentially Christian.

Theory, as I have said before, I have none. I have been pleading, on a footing with the 9,000 correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph* of London, for thoroughgoing allegiance to the truth, emancipation of the intellect from tests, and comprehension in the inquiry not only of the material, but of the higher or spiritual nature of man, including his aspiration to progress, of which there cannot be said to be any visible germ in brutes, whatever rudiments of human faculties and affections they may otherwise display. But though I have no theory, I cannot help having a conception, and my present conception of the highest ideal of humanity is that of the Founder to humanity, and human progress does not seem to me to be so different from what it was half a century ago as when I came to compare the two I expected to find it. It seems to me still that history is a vast struggle, with varying success, toward the attainment of moral perfection, of which, if the advent of Christianity furnished the true ideal, it may be deemed in the highest sense a revelation. Assuredly it may if in this most mysterious world there is, beneath all the conflict of good with evil, a spirit striving toward good and destined in the end to prevail. If there is not such a spirit, if all is matter and chance, I can only say again, What a spectacle is History!

A Superheated Bostonian's Complaint.
To the Editors of THE SUN—Sir: Ordinarily a resident of a Boston suburb, I took the A. M. train the other day for Hastings-on-the-Hudson. I was greatly impressed with the train as I entered it, made as it was of steel, dazzlingly lighted with electricity, and with the air of a palace, a preference with me on account of the cleanliness.

Seating myself, I immediately appreciated the forethought of the management in providing ample space for the standing room of the passengers. Two. The sitters were no doubt made to feel satisfied that although squeezed their lot was preferable to my own. But there was a drawback, the application of the heat, which I soon felt uncomfortably where one seated, ought to be at ease. I thought too much of the heat, and I used it to my advantage, for I sat on my coat, but my feet and chest were getting colder all the while. I wondered if standing on the seat would be allowed. I finally did as the others did, but my coat was not so warm.

Among my reflections during the rest of the journey was a conviction that one truth of the Scriptures was exemplified by your great city: "The meek shall inherit the earth."—*W. H. MASSAROS.*
NEWTON CENTRE, MASS., JANUARY 18.
Postwoman's 100,000 Miles on Foot.
From the London Tribune.
An extraordinary instance of the power of the post office service is reported from Newham, near Barking, Herts, where Mrs. Clark, at the age of 58, still discharges the duties of postmistress and "postwoman."

For twenty years she did most of the outside work of the office, while her sister was postmistress, and during the last fifteen years she has walked 62,000 miles in delivering letters. In the whole thirty-five years she has travelled about 100,000 miles on foot. With a large postage strapped across her back, she trudges regularly on her rounds in spite of rain or snow or sun. Mrs. Clark began her association with the post office at the age of 14 and has thus far been in the service for fifty-two years. Her ordinary daily round is eleven miles, and her work, particularly at Christmas time, often makes it necessary for her to plod about the lonely country roads by night. She knows every inch of the district and also recognizes the use of the lantern which many of her neighbors carry when abroad in the darkness.

Fanny Tillman.
From the Denver Republican.
[Usual apologies to R. K.]
We've had plenty of men of many weights and types, and plenty of 'em who were not the way they were not. But when it comes to kicking up a row, there's no one like Fanny Tillman. She's a dandy, he's a dandy, he's a lamb, it's surprising the names that she can throw, and she's the only man who doesn't give a damn for the Senate's barricade of courtesy.

So here's to you, Benny Tillman, in your home in Washington. You mustn't be a log, but at none you take the sun. You mustn't be a log, but at none you take the sun. You mustn't be a log, but at none you take the sun.

FAIR PLAY FOR PHILIPPINES.

A Tobacco Grower, Who Dares to Be Right, Explains a Famous Resolution.
To the Editor of THE SUN—Sir: Mr. Erving Winslow of the Anti-Imperial League has just sent me a clipping from THE SUN relative to action taken at the late convention of the New England Tobacco Growers' Association. It is surprising to me that all the papers report my resolution as passed and comment on it accordingly, when the fact is it was voted down. But the disgusting thing is that they all dwell on the preamble as the thing. Now, I had to write it the way I did to get any consideration for the resolution at all. My object was to get the resolution passed and put it up to Congress.

You are right as to the purely selfish position of the farmers. They oppose the Philippine tariff bill solely because they have been frightened by the Sumatra interests and the packers into the belief that it would result in a loss of market for their product. Acting as a mass, they are not and never will be governed by any altruistic notions about national honor or anything of the kind. But in that respect they don't differ from men from any other class of American citizens, no matter whether they be sugar, rice, potato or pig growers, or shirt, shoe or steel manufacturers. All the altruistic and false theories of right and justice are confined to the editorial sanctums of the press and to a few harebrained professors and quill drivers and one Frye. All others are too busy in the "scramble for wealth" to fool away any time or thought on such nonsense, much less make any personal sacrifice for any cause, no matter how right and just.

But there is one thing I would like to hammer into the editorial craniums running the public press of this country, namely, my position on this Philippine and all other public questions. If we are going to hold those islands as United States territory forever, give them free trade at once, competition or no competition. Let us (this country) be right and just, or try to be, with all people from whom we exact allegiance to the laws and flag of the United States. I know this is hereby from the standpoint of the extreme protectionist, but it is overwhelmingly right: that is about all that concerns me.

I am, and for forty years have been a tobacco farmer, dependent to the last dollar for a living on the business of raising tobacco. I may err in judgment, but no one can accuse me of lack of moral courage. More than once I have stood up against a whole convention of tobacco farmers angry with me because I argued for right, justice and national honor when they believed their interests were being jeopardized and endangered by my course, and I am alive yet, mainly, though, because lynching and burning at the stake seem to have become a lost art in New England. If I lived in the South or West I might not be writing this to-day.

Ever shall the right come uppermost, as ever shall justice be done. H. S. FRYE.
WINDSOR, CONN., JANUARY 18.

ANCIENT CRAPS.

An Evolution From the Noble and Once Fashionable Game of Hazard.

To the Editor of THE SUN—Sir: In your editorial of January 15 which discusses the respective merits of craps, roulette, bridge and craps, you hint at the possibility that history may repeat itself, and that the aristocratic, or "high